

Massachusetts to see the little newsgirl. She met her and then she turned to Bates and said, "You have chosen wisely, my son. She is a real woman and will make a good wife."

All Bates' family were present when Nan was married and they showered her with costly gifts. Bates gave her a casket of jewels and an automobile. When the ceremony was ended he made over a great deal of his property to the little girl who, just two weeks ago, was selling the papers over the counter at the Vanderbilt hotel.

JOCKEY COBURN DYING.

San Francisco, Cal., July 1.—Willie "Monk" Coburn, once greatest of jockeys, idol of the turf and rider for King Edward VII., is dying, penniless, in this city.

Up to a few days ago he was a public charge, an inmate of the tubercular ward of the City and County Hospital. But his mother moved him to her humble home at 966 Pine street. She wanted to save him the humility of spending his last few days a pauper and public ward.

Physicians attending him say he can not possibly live another month.

Coburn in his heyday was one of the greatest jockeys who ever threw leg over a racehorse. At Emeryville he was given his first mount by "Tommy" Lottridge. He rode a horse named February. February was 100 to 1, but in that first race "Monk" Coburn showed

there were few jockeys around that track who were his equal. In a desperate finish February won and Johnny Rieff, who rode the Derby winner in England two weeks ago, had been outridden by the exercise boy, "Monk" Coburn.

Then up the ladder of prosperity Coburn literally flew. Every horse owner wanted him to ride and his engagements were booked far in advance.

Coburn's reputation spread to England. He was induced to go there and in a short time was riding under the colors of King Edward VII. took a great fancy to Coburn and showered him with gifts. The lad's pictures were in the magazines and he was the idol of the hour. Coburn made several thousands of dollars and spent the money just as rapidly and as easily as he made it.

But weight began creeping on the "Monk." He often had to go to the Turkish baths to reduce. He had to take long runs. All this was weakening him. Then the cough—"a mere nothing," he said at first, "just a cold." But tuberculosis had settled in his lungs. His strength began to fail. No longer had he the firm hold on the bridle—his hands had lost their cunning.

A few weeks ago "Monk" Coburn dragged himself back to his old home—San Francisco. His mother was the only one who greeted him at the Ferry building. His friends of earlier prosperity were not there. Those men